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Liberty of the Press.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR, I have known the INDIA GAZETTE any time these five or six years, and being myself an old whig, I could not always subscribe to its doctrines on the domestic legislation or foreign policy of Great Britain, nor approve of the countenance it gave to some of the most furious and atrocious philippics of Cobbett, Hunt, and Wool-ler. Nevertheless, when most dissident from its new and ultra-whiggism, I never wished to see its harmless flights abridged by the application of any power unknown to the law of England; and I joined with cordial satisfaction in the almost universal voice of applause and gratulation, with which not only Calcutta and the Bengal Presidency, but INDIA, rang from side to side, when the Master of the State threw the reins on the neck of the periodical press, and bade it range wherever the barriers of immutable justice were not interposed.

Judge, Sir, of my surprise, when I find the INDIA GAZETTE standing aloof from those who are eager to testify their joy at an act as full of genius as of wisdom; murmuring at an emancipation in which its own importance and efficiency are especially interested; and trying to awaken the *imprimatur* from the endless sleep to which it has been consigned. And on what ground does it justify its contumacious reluctance to receive the mighty gift? Why, marry, on the ground of the sins of the press of England! the sins of its old friends, Cobbett, Hunt, and Wool-ler, which have a hundred times been sinned over again in its columns! and because a young Oxonian, in Blackwood's Magazine,—a Tory "who owns no argument but force,"—would brandish a censorial whip against such sinners, the INDIA GAZETTE must needs deprecate a free press in Calcutta, where it acknowledges there is no morbid appetite to whose cravings the evil disposed could pander, but on the contrary a most healthful and discriminating taste!!

Surely if in England the best security for the general soundness of the public mind, be that nothing shall prevent the commingling and agitation of the currents of public opinion, many of which flow from an impure source; here we need no mounds to keep back the contributions of men, who must, from their own independent, perhaps—conspicuous circumstances, and the character of their readers, be under the strongest incitements to respect the rules of truth and justice.

If it were possible in a free state to subject the friends of despotism to occasional visitations of arbitrary power, one might almost think it reasonable that they should learn by experience to appreciate the blessings for which they are indebted to the spirit and intelligence of their countrymen. This seems to have been the opinion of a facetious Bishop in the reign of James I. whose name I do not remember. The King having asked one Bishop whether he might levy money without the authority of Parliament, and having received an answer perfectly suited to his wishes, granting him a plenary right to tax his subjects, turned to another Bishop, saying, "you hear Bishop ———? What is your Lordship's opinion?" To which the other replied: "May it please your Majesty, I think you may take my brother's money, for he offers it."

In like manner I should not much object to the revival of the censorship for the exclusive benefit of the INDIA GAZETTE; and I would propose that the censor be instructed to prevent his publishing a single sentence that shall not be duly qualified with "your peace-maker IF." We should sacrifice nothing by this arrangement, since the Editor's estimate of the force of the press in India is so low, that in the course of nearly thirty years he could not discover any abuses that it was capable of reforming!

Calcutta, Aug. 24, 1819.

M. BRAMBLE.

Brevet Rank.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Upon seeing advertised in the Newspapers a LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, containing observations on the Bengal Army, I procured it from the Printer's, before leaving the Presidency; and in the leisure of my Boat, I have read it twice over.

I shall not hear for some time what opinions have been formed by the Critics in Calcutta, but I will venture to say that my brother Officers will feel much pleased with the zeal and professional information which this writer has evinced. On several points he has brought forward material facts which deserve to be attended to; though his remedial plans are not so good as his statements; and in some of his views he is greatly mistaken. But I am sure he is a clear-headed, honest, well-meaning, good Officer; and I should be very glad to meet him at our mess, to convince him of some of his errors over a bottle of wine.

From the openness, with which he has given his own opinions, he will not be offended, I trust, at the freedom with which I shall controvert them; and I shall be obliged to you if you can give room in your columns to some remarks which occur to me on reading his observations upon the proposal to give Brevet rank to Officers for distinguished services in the field.

The errors into which he falls, I found during my stay at the Presidency to be very general; and they are maintained by many persons of good sense, from their never having heard the subject fully discussed, and the arguments for the measure explained. They arise from a confused and inaccurate idea of Brevet or Army (as distinct from Regimental) Rank, and partly from a strange forgetfulness of the real nature and condition of the Indian Army.

For example: The author of the Letter thus passes his summary decision on the subject. "It would be folly to suppose that 'an Officer, conscious of his own merits, could bear to be commanded by another who was his junior yesterday, and who but 'for the greatest good luck imaginable, would have remained so for 'ever.' (p. 53) Whether this be folly or not, the slightest reference to the effects of Regimental promotion, and to the nature of some common Staff appointments, will shew it to be a fact of very common occurrence. A Lieutenant, whose Corps has slow promotion, is superseded by dozens, and sometimes by hundreds, of his more lucky contemporaries; another who is appointed a Major of Brigade, or gets into the Quarter Master General's Department, may the next week receive Reports from the Adjutant or Quarter Master of his own Battalion, although his seniors by many years.

The supercession occasioned by Regimental rank, is sometimes very great indeed. If Lieutenant Colonels Greenstreet and Stevenson were on service together, the former, who is a senior Lieutenant Colonel by six months, would command; and yet the other is a senior Officer by twelve years. But they have risen in different Regiments, and it may be urged, that what would be most galling to Officers, would be the liability to be commanded by one who had been their immediate junior in the same Corps. Even this sometimes now happens, in spite of "our beloved system of promotion by seniority and 'by that only,' of which the Letter-writer talks with an affection for an abstract principle which is quite amusing. It may happen every day by the sentence of a Court Martial, and it has taken place from the effects of Regimental rise after new Regiments had been raised. Lieut. Col. Nuthall, who is now senior to Lieut. Col. Fitzgerald, was his Subaltern when the 3rd Regiment of Native Cavalry was raised; Nuthall was removed to it and got his Majority there. He

might have been posted to the 2nd Regiment of Native Cavalry as it's Lieut. Colonel, while Fitzgerald was still it's Major, and have commanded his old Captain! More recent instances in the Infantry will occur to every one.

This would not however result from bestowing Brevet rank for individual gallantry; because that would be Army not Regimental rank; a material distinction, which is frequently forgotten. An Officer who obtained the Brevet rank of Major in the Army would not command on Regimental duty, one person who was before his senior; he would not arrive one day sooner at his Regimental Majority and Lieutenant Colonelcy, or at the great prize of a Regiment. He would merely obtain rank in the Line, be more likely to command Detachments, and become eligible to those distinctions which foster enterprize and zeal.

An example in point may be seen in the Royal Engineers and Artillery, in which the whole of the Officers rise Regimentally by strict seniority, but distinguished individuals are rewarded with Brevet rank in the Army. In an old King's Army List, the only one I have here to refer to, there are nine 1st Captains of the Artillery, and they not the seniors, Lieutenant Colonels in the Army for their services in the field, Sir Alexander Dickson, K. C. B.;—Lieutenant Colonel Bull, Sir John May, Sir Hew Ross, &c. A great number (who are Captains of 1804 and preceding years) are Majors in the Army by the general Brevet. But neither the one nor the other alter their relative situation in the Regiment, nor will hasten their rise to be a Colonel Commandant. The effect in the Indian Army would be the same. But one would suppose from the manner in which the Letter-writer talks of the effects of this measure, that it was proposed to reward a Captain for his services in the field with the first Regimental Majority vacant!

The manner in which some people, like this Author, talk and write of the "disgrace" and "misfortune" which any regulation would produce "tending in the most imperceptible manner to break into our beloved system of promotion by seniority, and by that 'only' is a striking instance that words are things. For they evidently believe all this to be true because they are told so, when a few minutes reference to the Army List would show that this beloved and memorable system exists no longer. It received its death blow in 1796. The following List of names of the different ranks will shew how it is broken down, by the effect of Regimental rise, and the separation of the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry Lists. The names are put down in the order of their relative rank, and the year of their appointment to the service marked opposite to each.

Maj. Genl.	Kyd	1775	Majors	C. Brown	1783
	Macintyre	1771		Anburey	1783
	Garstin	1778		T. Wood	1783
	Sir G. Wood	1771		Pitman	1796
	Carnegie	1777		Mar. Browne	1790
	Sir H. White	1772		Penny	1798
	T. Brown	1778		Heathcote	1796
	Prole	1776		Vaughan	1795
	Ashe	1778	Captains	Pollock	1800
	Sir D. Ochterlony	1777		T. Hall	1797
Colonels	Toone	1780		Lindsay	1801
	Grace	1778		Huthwaite	1795
	Pine	1780		J. P. Boileau	1802
	Tetley	1778		Patrickson	1797
Lt. Cols.	Price	1779		Whish	1802
	Thompson	1783		H. C. Smyth	1793
	W. D. Knox	1781		Bryant	1800
	Nuthall	1793		Blackney	1798
	Greenstreet	1795		S. Reid	1797
	Stevenson	1793		C. Campbell	1804
	C. Fagan	1794		S. Arden	1798
	A. Maxwell	1783		W. H. Rainey	1797
Major	Jas. Mouat	1783			

The rise of Subalterns to the rank of Captain is so irregular that I shall only mention one striking instance. Paul of the 8th Infantry, and Beaton of the 1st Cavalry were shipmates. Paul was Captain Lieutenant in his Regiment on the 1st August 1818, and on the 1st September 1818, Beaton was only promoted to be a Lieutenant.

The irregularity in the rise of the Field Officers would have been more marked, if I had placed them as they stand for promotion by Regimental seniority, in place of taking their Army rank; but that sufficiently answers my purpose.

As it appears then, that in this service we are pretty well used to the occurrence of seeing a junior get above the man who was his senior by several years, I cannot imagine that the selection of a few for Brevet rank would be considered as a thing so monstrous. If now, when blind chance brings about these changes every month, neither "disgrace nor downright enmity among the Officers" is produced, I cannot believe that these would spring up although in the course of a campaign five or six Captains or Majors were promoted over their comrades for distinguished merit!

No! The Bengal Army would feel pride in seeing the promotion of Fitzgerald, who maintained the high character of our Country among the emulous troops of another Presidency. And if Caulfield had been rewarded with promotion for his brilliant affairs with the Pindaries, his Brother-Officers would have seen with pleasure, that eminent merit could sometimes conquer fortune, and that his zeal and active enterprize had raised him again above at least Two hundred Captains who had superseded him before.

There are indeed some who would prefer a promotion by Lottery to even the least rise by merit or selection, because they think in that they would have an equal chance; while in the other case they feel conscious they would be out-stripped by the active and the enterprising. But this is not the general feeling of the Army. Certainly these are not the feelings of the younger part, whose utmost exertions would be called forth by even the rare and distant hope of such promotion.

The objection urged by the Letter-writer, that older and steadier Officers would be passed over, who merely wanted equal opportunity to distinguish themselves, proves too much; for it applies with equal force to all rewards and distinctions; to the honours of the Bath, to the thanks of Parliament and of Government, and also to the superior batta and laced coats which the Author recommends as a happier expedient. The Officers who were still destined to wear buff or yellow, might be equally conscious of their merits, and equally satisfied that they only wanted "opportunity" to win the honour of the blue facings.

To money rewards, which the Author proposes, there are very strong and obvious objections. They would engender a pernicious principle in the Army, by making the acquisition of money an object of emulation; they are the least valuable rewards to the individual, the most expensive and the most useless to the State. The men who perform heroic exploits do not look to a reward of 3 or 4000 rupees; this is what they would least value. At the same time the Government would not find such rewards to be the "cheap defence of nations." If an Officer who does the State some service be promoted, he is put into a situation to do it greater service; but if you reward him with silver, his talents and energy have no more room to exert themselves than before.

It must be remembered that in our service no very young man could attain this rise. The Rule of Brevet promotion in His Majesty's service, for particular services (which would no doubt be followed,) confines this distinction to Captains and Field Officers. Officers of less than 15 years standing very seldom indeed attain the rank of Captain in this army. (I believe there are now three instances in the whole of the Cavalry and Infantry;) by that time their youthful impetuosity is much abated, but they are not yet chilled by the cold caution of age; and so much the better. It has never been proposed that every Major commanding a Battalion in action should be made a Lieutenant Colonel, and every impetuous Captain be made a Major; but that a small number whose conduct was most distinguished should be promoted. Such a reward, recommended by their leader in the field through the Commander in Chief to Government, and conferred with a sparing and discriminating hand by that high authority, would be an object of the highest ambition, and would be eagerly sought after by the finest spirits.

The very jealousy with which it would justly be regarded, and the consequent scrutiny of public opinion would tend to keep it pure. We might then hope, with such prizes for generous ambition, that our young Officers of energy and talent would endeavour to remain in the Army, and to push themselves on to distinction and

* It is distressing to observe by the late proceedings at the India House and in Parliament, on Captain Staunton's case, how insensible Mr. Canning and the India Directors are, to noble and right military feelings. "They order matters differently" in the Royal British Army. Napoleon, or Frederick of Prussia, did not give their Stauntons or Fitzgeralds Gold and Silver—£500 and a Sword!!

command. At present when they have established a claim upon the favour of the Government, they ask for a *Civil appointment*, a *Paymastership* or a *Barrackmastership*; and sit down for ten years of their service to get rid of their Military habits and feelings! Who can blame them? *The fault is in the system which repels all attempts to rise in their profession.*

It is material to consider, that besides the classes of *old and young Officers*, the Government are a *third party* interested in this great question. It is most important to the state that some openings should be left in the frozen level of seniority, through which buoyant merit may now and then rise up. For we must not disguise from ourselves the truth, that a *service of pure and unmixed seniority is the worst possible for the state*; it is a service in which the great spring of military enterprise—promotion, has no play. The very best I conceive to be an Army like that of Napoleon, where rank and distinctions were betowed by the head of the Government in the field, and often on the spot.

The circumstances under which Officers embark in the Indian service, render it, however, but just to them that a principle of seniority should *generally* prevail, and that every Officer who does his duty creditably, should look forward with certainty to a respectable rank and a moderate independence if he retire, or to a handsome income from the office, if he remain in the service. But I would combat the absurd principle of invariable promotion by *seniority alone* which would leave the state without one young and active officer of rank, (except those who are lent from H. M. service,) and which damps and depresses the spirits of the enterprising. Such a system if now maintained, will be not only injurious, but most galling in its operation; for in consequence of this very Brevet, a distinguished *Company's Captain* will be told that *his rank* does not entitle him to the gracious notice of his Sovereign, tho' his comrade in *H. M. service*, of the same rank, and who has fought by his side, gets the Brevet of Major, and consequently obtains the Cross of the Bath, denied to the unfortunate Captain.

No one can see more distinctly than this Letter-writer, the evils of a system of pure seniority, where he is not biased by his prejudices; and in the case of the promotion of *Native Officers*, which is undeniably parallel, he points them out with much force: "*length of service alone*" says he, "*ought not to entitle the senior to a promotion*;" and if they "*neither know their duty, nor seem inclined to learn it; or allowing them to have a knowledge of their duty, if they do not perform it in the best manner they evidently might do; in cases of this kind, I say, that length of service ought rather to be considered as an aggravation of, than a plea for such conduct.*" And he proceeds to shew that (by the operation of this "*beloved*" and invariable principle) some men are promoted to be *Jemadars*, who, if *real justice were done to the Army*, ought to be sent back to the ranks again. But *Jemadars* and *Majors* are only modifications of human nature, and similar principles and causes will produce nearly similar results. If merit as well as seniority were sometimes looked to in promotions, it would operate, whether the Officers were *Indian or European*, as a *stimulus to the old and incentive to the young.*

It is an error to suppose that this would be an innovation; it is old as the heroic ages of our service; Clive commanded the succours sent to Bengal in virtue of a Brevet Commission, which the Court of Directors had procured for him before his return to India. Lieutenant Colonel Goddard was enabled to perform his eminent services on the West of India by a Commission of Brigadier General from the Supreme Government. But what if it were new? Is it good for the service? Is it beneficial to the state? The *Regimental rank* was an *innovation*; the *Native Artillery* was an *innovation*; the *Sepoy Army* itself was an *innovation*; and without the daring *innovations* we have made, our Empire would now be circumscribed by the *Mahratta ditch*!

Seniority and length of service will always have great advantages in the struggle for distinction. They have always the *first trial*; and when combined with merit, will always obtain a well-deserved preference. We are accustomed to look up to them, and to view them with habitual respect. But is seniority, and that alone, to have a monopoly of honours, commands, and distinctions? Such a claim would never be made by the old and excellent Officers who have adorned this Army, and to whom we look up with reverence. It could only be maintained by such men as those who claimed the exclusive possession of the highest Staff appointments for "*old and deserving Officers*," and who wanted to exclude all men in the prime of their faculties from the most important situations in the Army! But it was often found that among the candidates, *desert*

was in the inverse ratio of age; and a multitude of comparatively young men have been selected to fill the highest Posts, because they were found the fittest.

We have seen Brevet Captain Gerard, Captain Worsley, Captain Fagan, Captain Young, Lieutenant Lumsdaine, all taken while their seniors were left. Other instances at this moment exist in some of the most distinguished and responsible situations. The Staff of the Madras Army yield equally striking examples; Their Adjutant General, Quarter Master General, and Commissary General were all appointed when they were Captains. So the political branch of the service; Captain Malcolm was our first Ambassador to Persia.—A Captain negotiated the treaty of Gualior with Sindhia; another Captain succeeded him as Resident at that Court; a third is the Resident at Bhopal; a fourth has infused new health and life into the ancient state of Oudipore. And shall we be told that it would be a dreadful evil to the Army if such men were able by their exertions in it to obtain the rank of Major and the command of a little Detachment, some years before the ordinary course? Must we guard against the youthful impetuosity of such men, and beware lest by encouraging them to the prejudice of "*cooler and steadier Officers*" they cause some serious injury by their inconsiderate rashness? display some spirit of stubborn obstinacy, like Staunton, or commit some act of heedless daring, like Fitzgerald? The Officers of the Army are too well-informed and reflecting, to be led away by such a clamour, and the Letter-writer himself appears to be too sensible and candid to persist in an opinion which has been hastily imbibed, to say the least.

The younger Officers of this Army do not seek to interfere with those emoluments which are given by the State to ease the declining years of the veteran; let all who serve irreproachably, and who do their best, rise by seniority to those advantages. But we do claim not to be virtually excluded from all chance of national honours; and we do ardently hope that a wise and liberal Government will afford a sufficient and a *Military* object for Military exertion, and throw open the career to enterprise and zeal.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Berhampore,)
August 20, 1819.)

ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Plain Questions.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

May I solicit the favour of you to request an answer from your Correspondent, TYRO MEDICUS, to the following Queries:—

1st. To furnish an authenticated example of the prevailing disease having occurred in a person who had not previously made use of Rice.—N. B.—The case must not be a casual instance of bowel complaint, (however severe) arising from the fortuitous introduction of some acrid substance into the stomach, as sour beer, bad claret, poisonous mushrooms, &c.; but one distinctly marked with the well-known symptoms of the distemper, that has prevailed for about two years in India.

2nd. To afford a distinct explanation of the state of predisposition in the animal body, which, he thinks, renders it liable upon the use of Rice to be affected with *Cholera Morbus*, or the prevailing distemper.

3rd. What is to be understood by the term—a cold poison?

4th. In what manner does Rice comprehend a watery cold food, especially when it is generally eaten dry and warm?

5th. In what way can the liberal use of spirits, when their temperature does not exceed that of common water, be said to introduce heat into the stomach? and how is it shown or proved that cold was previously existing in that organ?

6th. How does he imagine the absence of a flannel jacket or waistcoat would operate in the production of this disease, to myriads of natives, who all their times had lived unaccustomed to this kind of clothing, and that too during the prevalence of the hot, acrid, winds in the upper provinces, when not a drop of moisture was observed upon the ground, and the surface of every body, Native as well as European, was noticed to be covered with perspiration?

By affording Replies to these Queries, your Correspondent will confer an obligation upon,

Sir, your obedient servant,

Allahabad, Aug. 14, 1819.

R. TYLER, M.D.

Literary Novelties.

The sale of the first portion of the late Mr. Bindley's books had commenced at Mr. Evans's, in Pall Mall. We shall select a few specimens of the extraordinary prices obtained for some rare articles; and, in making these extracts, we purposely abstain from noticing the solid works of literature, and confine them to such articles as will interest the feelings of bibliomaniacs, or as are distinguished by their rarity.

No. 69, Sir W. Alexander's (Lord Sterling) Tragedies. 12mo. 32l. 11s.

152, Annalia Dulcemia, or Cotswold's Games. 4to. 12l. 12s.

173, Art of Good Living. Imprint at Paris. 19l.

450, Bastard's Epigrams. 12mo. 1598, 15l. 4s. 6d.

455, Belvidere, or Garden of the Muses. 12mo. 1600, 13l. 2s. 6d.

540, Aratus, 1559, with Milton's Autograph. 8l. 8s.

743, Breton's Floorish upon Fancie. 42l.

745, Bankes's Bay Horse. 13l. 5s.

976, Carter's History of Cambridge. 8vo. 18l. 18s.

1103, Brown's Warning Piece for England. 10l. 10s.

1192, Crompton's Oyl of Epigrams. 12mo. 11l. 11s.

1193, Crompton's Muse's Mount. 12l. 15s.

1697, Flour of the Commandments; printed by Wynkyn de

Worde. 17l. 10s.

1760, Denny's Pellectandium. 8vo. 13l.

1775, Davies's Muses's Sacrifice. 12mo. 20l.

1878, Gamble's Ayres. 11l. 15s.

1880, Gray the Poet's Directions to Dodsley, for the publica-

tion of his Poems. 17l. 17s.

2133, Expedition of the Duke of Somerset into Scotland, 12 mo.

17l. 17s.

2203, Chute's Beautie Dishonoured, or Shore's Wife, 4to.

1593, 34l. 13s.

The second portion of the catalogue is particularly rich in old English poetry; and we shall, if we meet with the continuation of this List, record the prices which the most distinguished articles obtain.

The following account has been given in the *Moniteur* of the receipts of the Theatres, and other places of public amusement at Paris, for the year 1818:

Académie Royal de Musique,	..	598,652fr.	40 c.
Théâtre-Français,	..	654,729	5
Opéra-Comique,	..	704,975	70
Odéon-Favart,	..	273,116	90
Bousses,	..	63,394	
Vaudeville,	..	540,473	25
Variétés,	..	495,581	35
Gaieté,	..	400,112	90
Ambigu,	..	413,814	96
Porte-Saint-Martin,	..	451,839	40
Cirque Olympique,	..	222,099	10
Bals de l'Opéra,	..	27,948	
Bals de l'Odéon,	..	4,107	
Tivoli,	..	94,386	5
Jardin-Beaujon,	..	68,075	25
Ruggieri,	..	4,251	25

Total 5,017,526 56

This amount does not include the Montagnes, Belleville, Lilliputiennes, &c. One-tenth of the receipts is appropriated to the support of the indigent, and this tenth is estimated at nearly 588,000fr. or about 24,500l.

As matter of record and literary curiosity, we subjoin a list of the numbers purchased on the last day of every month, by the first bookselling establishment in Paternoster-row, and perhaps in the world, for distribution among their retail correspondents. It serves to shew the proportions of general sale; and it must surprise foreigners to learn, that this is the consumption of only one (though the chief) of the wholesale establishments, who send monthly parcels to every part of the world:—

650 Monthly Magazine.	200 Eclectic Review.
550 Gentleman's Magazine.	175 Thomson's Annals.
450 Monthly Review.	175 Medical Repository.
350 Sporting Magazine.	160 Blackwood's Edinburgh Ma-
300 British Critic.	gazine.
300 European Magazine.	125 Philosophical Magazine.
300 Ladies' Magazine.	125 Repertory.
275 New Monthly Magazine.	125 Ackerman's Repository.
225 London Medical Journal.	75 Literary Panorama.

These numbers, as the regular monthly consumption of one wholesale house, will appear the more extraordinary when we state, that, on the decease of the late M. Millin at Paris, we discovered that the total monthly sale of the *Annales Encyclopediques*, the best Journal in France, did not exceed 350 copies; and that that of the new *Journal des Savans*, set up by the Bourbon party, did not exceed 200 copies; a fourth of each being sold in Great Britain.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that we announce the speedy appearance of a careful literal translation of the Penal Code of Napoleon, which will be calculated equally to interest professional and general readers.

No. VII. of Mr. Dyer's *Lives of illustrious Men* is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. John Evans's *Essays, Biographical, Literary, Moral, and Critical*, were published in February.

Maternal Conversations, by Madame Dufresnoy; on beauty, passion, courage, justice, clemency, moderation, perseverance, riches, love of country, &c. &c. were published in February.

Dr. Clutterbuck, one of the physicians to the General Dispensary, &c. will shortly publish, *Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the Epidemic Fever*, at present prevailing in the metropolis, as well as in most parts of the United Kingdom.

A new edition of Lord Bacon's Works, in twelve volumes, foilsap, enriched with portraits, with the Latin part of them translated into English; by Dr. Peter Shaw, M. D. appeared in February.

Captain James Runney has in the press an historical review of the Maritime Discoveries of the Russians, and of the attempts which have been made to discover a North East passage by Sea, from the Atlantic Ocean to China.

The principles of Political Economy, considered with a view to their practical application, by Mr. Malthus, are in a state of forwardness for publication.

Mr. Gwilliam, the author of the battles of the Danube and Barossa, will shortly publish a poetical Romance, in nine cantos, entitled the Venetian Homicide, in the manner of Lord Byron's *Giaour*, which will be dedicated to Mr. Canning.

Views of the Architectural Antiquities of Sicily, in a series of finished Etchings, by Pinelli of Rome, with a descriptive account, from drawings, by John Goldicutt, architect, member of the academy of St. Luke, Rome; to consist of thirty plates, folio.

Dr. Clarke's *Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia*, were published in February.

Mr. Rennell, Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, and vicar of Kensington, has in the press, *Remarks on Scepticism*, especially as it is connected with the subject of organization and life; being an answer to some recent works of French and English physiologists.

It is worthy of observation, in connexion with the above, to state, that the learned Editors of the Medical and Physical Journal assert that the phenomena of animal life are only to be accounted for on the new theory which ascribes all inferior motions to the transfer of superior ones; and they infer, therefore, that, that theory is the true system of Nature, and that the powers called attractive, gravitating, and centrifugal, are as unnecessary in Nature as they are gratuitous and absurd in Science.

Mr. John Power, surgeon and accoucheur, has in the press, a *Treatise on Midwifery*, developing a new principle, by which, it is said, labour is shortened, and the sufferings of the patient alleviated.

Sir Gilbert Blane, physician-extraordinary to his Majesty, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a *Treatise on Medical Logic*, founded on practice, with facts and observations.

A volume of *Letters* are preparing for publication, written by the Hon. Lady Spencer to her niece, the late amiable Duchess of Devonshire, shortly after her marriage.

In the Press, Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a preface, notes, and appendix; by one of the Fancy. The appendix will contain, among other flash articles, Chants, by Bob Gregson, the present poet-laureat of the Fancy. This work is referred to the same pen as "the Fudge Family at Paris."

C. Dibdin, Esq. will publish shortly, *Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery*, a metrical romance.

Decision, a tale, is preparing for the press, by the author of *Correction*.

Commemoration of Burns.

On Monday the 22d of February, the admirers of the celebrated national poet of Scotland held their triennial meeting in George-Street Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. About three hundred and twenty were in the room. The chair was ably filled by J. A. Murray, Esq. of Henderland, who was supported by Mr. Henry Cockburn and Mr. Francis Jeffrey. Captain Adam, of the navy, son of Chief Commissioner Adam, was the Croupier; the list of the Stewards contained the names of Sir George Mackenzie, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Hogg, Captain Basil Hall, Mr. George Thomson, (whose name is so honourably and indissolubly connected with that of Burns) besides other gentlemen of the highest respectability. This assembly, generally speaking, was composed of individuals distinguished by their love of literature and the arts, including several eminent characters belonging to the learned profession, the army, and the navy.

Having been favoured by a gentleman who was present, with a particular narrative of what took place on that extraordinary occasion, we feel much gratified in being able to lay it before our readers, being convinced that there is not a town nor village in Scotland which does not take a lively interest in all that appertains to the honour of the Poet, who has drawn such faithful, and vigorous, and heart-stirring pictures, of the character, and the joys, and the feelings, of the sons and daughters of Caledonia.

As soon as the cloth was removed, Messrs. Swift, Lees, and Templeton, sung "Non nobis Domine;" and after the anthems of the King and the Prince Regent were given, the Chairman, Mr. J. A. Murray, addressed the meeting in a strain of eloquence that commanded the most marked attention, and pronounced an eulogium on the genius of Burns, and the exquisitely beautiful productions of his muse, of which it were vain to attempt even an outline; while he touched, with the truest sympathetic feeling, on the poverty and the misfortunes which the Poet experienced during the greater part of his life, illustrating his observations by some striking passages from the Poet's own letters, and from verses of Swift on those highly gifted beings, who like Burns, are born to delight mankind, but by whom they are too often left to pine in indigence and sorrow. The Chairman concluded his interesting address, by giving—

The Memory of Burns.

After which, the following lines, hastily written for the occasion, were recited with great feeling by Mr. James Ballantyne, and then sung to a Scottish melody by Mr. Swift, assisted by an amateur:—

Too late, O Burns, thy melancholy fate
We mourn, and sorrow for thy care and pain;
The Muse alone smiled on thy humble state,
And hail'd thy progress to a deathless name.
While Scotland claims upon Parnassus height
Her laurel'd sons amidst the glorious throng,
Thy name, O Burns, shall ever radiate bright,
And ages dwell with rapture on thy song.

The Chairman next gave, "The Widow and Family of Burns," and, much to the satisfaction of the meeting, announced, that since the last triennial meeting, the circumstances of the widow and family had been much improved.

Tune—Robin was my only Jo.

The next toasts were, "The Venerable Mother of the Poet—and Gilbert Burns, well known to the public by his talents and virtues."

"The health of Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck, who filled the chair at the last triennial meeting in Edinburgh, with so much honour to himself, and pleasure to all who were present, and whose humorous Scottish songs so well entitle him to our remembrance."

Song of Mr. Boswell's, sung by an amateur.

"The health of Mr. Walter Scott, of whose presence the company were unfortunately deprived by his illness."—"I would have given this health," said the chairman, "with all the honours; but being unhappily prevented from doing this, I shall propose no other toasts with the honours this evening."—a mark of respect to this eminent and amiable person, which was received with loud acclamations. The Chairman having concluded a panegyric equally felicitous and just on the genius of Mr. Scott, a manuscript poem of great beauty, was admirably well recited by Mr. James Ballantyne, which was followed by a beautiful glee of Webbe—

Great Apollo strike the lyre,
Till the raptured soul will fire;
Let the Poet's health go round,
And this night with joy be crown'd.

Mr. Henry Cockburn then rose to propose the health of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, and chiefly touched on the early notice which that distinguished author had taken of the talents of Burns, in a well known periodical work, of which he at that time had the direction. He enlarged on the merit of that discernment, which at once can appreciate the first aspirations of genius, when it is yet fearful of the flutter of its infant wings, and before it has soared into public view. "It is easy for us, Sir," said the eloquent speaker, "to admire genius, and to join in extolling its powers, when we know that we are safe in doing so, and that all the world feels and thinks as we do. But it is the prerogative of no common mind to be first in discerning its early indications, ere yet they have attracted the notice of any other; to foretell with confidence, the fire which the scarce to be observed spark is destined to kindle; and to cherish the feeble flame while yet it is struggling for existence. Such, then, is the merit of Mr. Mackenzie, in his early anticipations of the admirable talents of Burns, and for which he is well intitled to the respect and gratitude of all those who now join in celebrating that fame which has long since been settled on its own immovable and ever lasting basis."

It may easily be conceived with what enthusiasm this fine burst of eloquence was received.

Captain Basil Hall proposed the health of Mr. Wilson, author of the "City of the Plague," which he prefaced with a very elegant compliment to the genius of the author, who replied to it with his usual felicity of expression, and then requested a bumper to the health of the enterprising navigator. In returning thanks for the honour which Mr. Wilson had done him, Captain Hall modestly disclaimed all title to it; "but since I have unexpectedly been called up," said he, "I will mention a fact with respect to Burns, which, though it may appear incredible, is nevertheless true, that I have been in a part of the world where the name of the Poet never was heard of." After the general laugh occasioned by this *jeu d'esprit* had subsided, Mr. Swift sang the inimitable song of Burns—

"Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon."

Mr. George Thompson proposed the health of the Honorable Gentleman who filled the Croupier's chair at the last triennial meeting, who, with his characteristic generosity, a few days after that meeting, on learning that the funds of the Poet's family, and of course the income of the widow, had been diminished by the outfit of two of the sons as Cadets for India, settled an annuity of £50 upon her, and in a way to bless both the giver and receiver, without the least parade or ostentation; for (said Mr. T.) I do not know that it ever found access to a newspaper, and therefore I feel it a delightful duty to publish it here, as well as the sequel to this noble act. By the kindness of the Marquis of Hastings, the Poet's youngest son, James Glencairn, having lately received a comfortable appointment in the Commissariat of the Bengal army, the first use which he made of his good fortune was to settle an annuity upon his mother, and the first thing she did was to resign the pension before alluded to; a conduct quite worthy of the widow and the son of the high souled Robert Burns. Mr. T. concluded by asking a bumper to the excellent health and long life of the Honourable William Maule of Panmure, which was drank with enthusiastic.

Up Wille, waur them a'—from the Band.

The singers here introduced the admirably humorous, joyous, and characteristic cantata of Burns, called the *Jolly Beggars*, containing the songs of a Soldier, a Widow, a Fiddler, a Tinker, and a Bard, with chorusses, which were performed with the happiest effect; the professional gentleman being assisted by several amateurs, and accompanied on the grand piano forte by Mr. Mather, with his accustomed spirit.

The Chairman, at the end of the Soldier's Song, gave "the Army," and at the conclusion of the cantata, "the *Beggars Benison*," which called up Dr. Duncan, senior, who being, he said, a knight of that ancient order, of forty years standing, returned thanks to the Chairman, in name of the order. The Doctor concluded a speech of great good humour, by proposing

"The memory of the truly estimable Dr. Currie of Liverpool, whose elegant biography of our national poet, and judicious collection of his works, had done him the highest honour, and will carry his name down to the latest posterity, along with that of the Poet."

"The health of Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool" was then proposed by Mr. Robert Ainslie, W. S. who took occasion, from the intimate acquaintance he had with Burns, to mention his colloquial powers as being no less remarkable than his poetry, inasmuch, that it was observed by the late elegant historian, Dr. Robertson, that, much as he had been surprised and delighted by Burns's writings, he was still more so by his conversation.

Mr. Jeffrey then gave "the health of Mr Tennant," sprung like Burns from a humble origin, but who has raised himself to distinction by his attainments as a classical scholar, and by his admirable poem of Anster Fair, which Mr. Jeffrey characterized with his never failing felicity of language.

The appropriate tune of Maggy Lauder was then played on a small flageolet by Mr. Alexander Ballantyne, in a style of excellence that equally surprised and delighted the meeting; after which, the instrumental band struck up the same merry strain, and did ample justice to the heroine of Anster Fair.

The Chairman gave "the health of Mr. George Thomson," the correspondent of the poet, to whom he paid an elegant tribute of respect, and whose name, he said, will ever live along with that of Burns, as editor of the very interesting collection of our national music and songs, now completed by him.

Mr. Thomson said, he was unable to express, as he could wish the grateful sense he had of the honour done him, in associating his humble name with that of the illustrious Poet, whose beautiful lyric compositions it was his peculiar good fortune to draw forth, at that time of the Poet's life when, from the daily labour to which he was unfortunately doomed, by his revolting employment, it was scarcely possible for him to have undertaken any compositions of great length, requiring much leisure. "Just then," said Mr. Thomson, "I happened to strike the darling chord of his heart, which was filled with the most ardent enthusiasm for our national music; and the consequence is, that Scottish music has been married to immortal verse." Mr. Thomson concluded by returning his warmest thanks for the kind manner in which his health had been given and received.

The Chairman gave "the memory of the Earl of Glencairn," of whose early patronage and friendship to our bard, his pathetic Lament for that Nobleman's Death bears ample testimony.

Here some stanzas of the Lament were sung to a Scottish air, by Mr. Swift, with the assistance of an amateur.

Mr. Wilson rose to propose, as he said, the health of a poet, whose history presented many circumstances of resemblance to that of Burns—a poet, sprung like him from the very bosom of the people—inspired, like him, by the contemplation of the virtues which well in cottages, and destined like him to confer titles of nobility now and for ever on the peasantry of Scotland. The rich vallies and pellucid streams of the west, said Mr. W. have been immortalized by the genius of Burns: the lonely hills and glens of the south possess, in our days, a kindred spirit, and are receiving kindred honours from his inspiration. "Let us conceive," continued he, "with what open hearted delight the great poet whom we are this day assembled to celebrate, would have hailed the appearance of such a congenial soul, issuing from the same lowly condition, and adorning that lowliness. Let us conceive with what rapture he would have heard of the existence of such a spirit in some neighbouring cottage; with what frankness of cordiality he would have extended the right hand of the fellowship of genius to his sole worthy successor. Met as we are to do honour to Burns, it is impossible that any thing can be more appropriate to the purpose of our assembly than early and honourably testifying our love and admiration for the Poet, when his mantle has fallen. The most acceptable offering to the departed Bard will be, the voice of encouragement and affection with which we hail the living." Mr. Wilson then concluded, "Let us drink to the health and prosperity of the Ettrick Shepherd."

This address, of which we have given only a very imperfect sketch, was received with enthusiastic applause by the company, who seemed perfectly to agree in the sentiments so beautifully expressed by Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Hogg himself returned his thanks in a style of doric simplicity, highly gratifying to all present.

Mr. Hogg expressed his gratitude for the marked kindness with which his name had been mentioned and received, avowed the honest pride he felt in the distinction of a Scottish Bard, protesting that he would much rather starve with the Muses than live in affluence without them, and that he never was so proud and happy as at the present moment.

Glee—"How merrily we live that Shepherds be."

The Chairman gave, "the memory of Mrs. Dunlop," the judicious friend and kind monitor of the Poet, whose heartfelt gratitude to her is so repeatedly expressed in his works; and he also proposed the health of Colonel Wallace, her descendant, to which that gentleman made a suitable reply. The heart-stirring song of Burns was then sung, with great animation, by Mr. Templeton,

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

which called up Captain Adam, the Croupier, who, catching the enthusiasm which that noble strain is calculated to produce, enlisted Burns in the most glowing and emphatic terms for such an irresistible appeal to the patriotism of a people fighting against the invaders of their country. "Happily for us," exclaimed the Captain, "the feuds between Scotland and England, to which the song refers, have long ceased; but the song excites a lofty and generous sentiment, and therefore I give you, 'the Cause of Freedom all over the world.'—Here the honours (*alias huzzas*), which had been pent up during the evening, burst forth in the loudest, and in long continued shouts of applause.

"The Ladies of Scotland, whose sweet voices so powerfully recommend the Songs of Burns."

Glee—"Here's a health to all good Lassies."

Air—"Fy, let's a' to the wadding," from the band.

Toast—"Joanna Baillie, the greatest tragic poet of the age."

When Mr. Jeffrey rose to give the health of Thomas Campbell, he expressed himself nearly in the following words:—

"I rise to propose the health of a person whose character justly ranks high as a poet of this country; one whose elegant and classical taste, with genius peculiarly fitted for the right conception and vivid delineation both of the more delicate and the most powerful moral emotions of our nature, has produced various compositions deeply interesting for feeling and pathos. I believe all will have already anticipated the name which I am about to announce. Thomas Campbell, the accomplished author of the Pleasures of Hope. It is not enough to say that his name does honour to Scotland, his native country: his is a name which is destined to be handed down to posterity, as ranking high among British poets. It must be gratifying to the admirers of the illustrious person, whose memory we are assembled to celebrate, that the talents of one so well calculated to appreciate the merits of Burns have been employed in weaving the latest wreath which has been dedicated to his honour and fame. In a late work, as yet little known to the public, the enlightened author of the Pleasures of Hope has done justice to the genius of Burns, and given to the world a critical account of his works, highly creditable to his own judgment and taste. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I observe, in the performance of his task, he has, in the most judicious and satisfactory manner, but yet with the greatest good nature and toleration, rebutted the criticisms of some less charitable, and perhaps less judicious authors."

This speech was received with universal admiration, and rapturously applauded.

Mr. James Ballantyne rose to propose the health of that illustrious person who has been pleased to shroud in concealment every thing, save that which he could not conceal, the splendour of a genius which has conferred new honours on his age and country, and has elevated the majesty of an unknown name to an equality with the most eminent of those in his department of literature who had preceded him, "the author of Waverley."

Mr. Wilson, in proposing the health of Lord Byron, made a number of admirable observations on that power and dominion which this great Poet exerts over the souls of his countrymen. The illustrious bard talks of himself as if he were "some weed tossed from the land;" but the soil still honours the outcast, and strangers see in him, desolate though he be, the noble offspring of a noble soil. Mr. Wilson then remarked, that Lord Byron is indeed a poet of high birth, and that the passions which he delights to describe are those of men high born like himself; Lords and Soldiers. Burns, on the contrary, wore the shepherd's grey, and depicted, with the truth of experience, the passions of rustics. They are both, however, said he, the painters of noble natures and noble passions; and it is only a country of freedom, such as this, that could either present the materials, or furnish the instruments of two such kinds of poetry at once. With us every thing partakes of the national nobility of virtue and glory; and Scotland may make it her proudest boast, that she has given birth both to the greatest Peasant and the greatest Peer that ever bore the name of poet."

Mr. Moore's health was next proposed, after which a gentleman sang one of his beautiful songs, both the health and the song being warmly applauded.

Mr. Cockburn then rose, and spoke nearly as follows:—"I beg leave to propose the health of a gentleman, whose name I am sure no one will hear pronounced without sentiments of respect and esteem, a name which has peculiar claims to be remembered this evening, because in announcing that of Dugald Stewart, whose health I wish to propose, you all know that I mention one not less illustrious for the highest talents and the purest virtues, than amiable as the ardent friend of genius in others; and to whose kindness and support the Poet, whose memory we are assembled to celebrate, was, from an early period of his life, in no common degree indebted. Nor is it possible to conceive any thing more advantageous to a youthful poet, placed in the peculiar circumstances which were the lot of Burns, than to be instructed by the advice, and encouraged by the countenance of such a person as his patron and friend. Who that has ever perused those profound and polished disquisitions on abstract subjects, which, from his hands, come mingled with the fascinations of poetry; or who that has ever listened to the sweet eloquence of his academical prelections, has not felt, if he could feel at all, an improved sense of his duty and importance as a moral and intellectual being; an increased enthusiasm for the improvement and happiness of our common nature. In the course of his literary correspondence, Burns has often gratefully acknowledged his obligations to one who was at once so able and so willing to befriend him. Of the advantages, indeed, which he derived from this honourable intercourse, and of those which society has gained from the genius and virtues of this inestimable man, it is impossible to form any calculation; for, if there be any word which has the charm of calling up in one general association our most pleasing recollections of whatever is beautiful in moral sentiment, or venerable as connected with the highest cultivation of intellect, it is the name of Dugald Stewart."

The delight and applause with which this eloquent speech was hailed, it would be difficult to describe.

The memories of Shakespeare, of Thomson, Ramsay, Ferguson, Blacklock, and Macneill, were given in succession, as well as the memory of Mr. Graham of Fintray, the steady friend of the Poet.

The health of Dr. John Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, was given by Mr. Cockburn, with a warm eulogium on his learned labours, so necessary for the preservation and right understanding of the Scottish language.

Mr. Jeffrey proposed the health of Professor Playfair, one of the brightest ornaments of our University, equally respectable for his attainments in philosophy and science, and for his modesty, mildness, and worth, in private life.

Both these healths were received with the warmest demonstrations of respect.

The health of the worthy Chairman was given by Mr. Maitland, younger, of Dungeness, who prefaced it by a short but elegant address, which was followed by unanimous cheering and enthusiastic approbation.

The health of the Croupier was also most deservedly received with the same cordiality, as well as the healths of the Stewards. About twelve o'clock, the Chairman and Croupier, together with Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, retired.

Jas. Campbell, Esq. Advocate, was then called to the chair under whose auspices the pleasure of the meeting was still prolonged.

The healths of Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Cockburn were then drank successively, with indescribable enthusiasm, a homage justly due to their splendid talents, and most respectable characters.

Several very good songs were sung in the course of the evening by amateurs, which, with the spirited glee, &c. from Messrs. Mather, Swift, Lees, Templeton, and Gleadhill; and the music from the band of Mr. Gow, contributed much to the amusement of the company. And it may be truly said that there never was a meeting in honour of departed genius, at which the feast of reason and the flow of soul were more happily blended.

A portrait of the Poet was hung on the front of the organ, behind the Chairman, and on either side of it, were elevations of the elegant classical monument designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, architect in this city, which is to be erected near Alloway Kirk.

It is doing but justice to Mr. McEwan to say, that the dinner, and wines were excellent, and his arrangements most judicious.

English Society.

(Selections from *Madame de Staël*.)

Amongst the means of rendering society more animated, we must reckon coquetry: now this hardly exists in England, except among young men and women, who may perhaps subsequently intermarry: conversation gains nothing by it, but the reverse. Indeed so low in general is their tone of voice, that these persons can scarcely hear each other; but the consequence is, that people are not married without being acquainted; while in France, to save the tediousness of these timid amours, young girls were never introduced into company until their marriage had been concluded on by their parents. If there are in England women who deviate from their duty, it is with so much mystery, or with so much publicity, that the desire of pleasing in company, of exhibiting their fascinations, shinning by grace and sprightliness of mind, has no connexion whatever with their conduct. In France the power of conversation leads to every thing; in England talents of this kind are appreciated, but they are in no wise useful to the ambition of those who possess them; public men and the people make a choice, among the candidates for power, of very different marks of superior faculties. The consequence is, that people neglect what is not useful, in this as in every thing else.

It is difficult to give a thorough explanation of what in England is called shyness, that is, the embarrassment which confines to the bottom of the heart the expressions of natural benevolence; for one often meets the coldest manners in persons who would show themselves most generous towards you, if you stood in need of their aid. The English are as far from being at ease among each other, as with foreigners; they do not speak till after having been introduced to each other; familiarity becomes established only after long acquaintance. In England one scarcely ever sees the younger branches live after their marriage in the same houses with their parents; home is the prevailing taste of the English, and this inclination has perhaps contributed to make them detest the political system which, in other countries, permits exile or arbitrary arrest. Each family has its separate dwelling; and London consists of a vast number of houses, of small size, shut as close as boxes, and into which it is not much more easy to penetrate. There are not even many brothers or sisters who go to dine at each others's houses, without invitation.

Although in England there is much more pride than vanity, a good deal of stress is laid on marking by manners the ranks which most of the institutions tend to bring on a level. There prevails a certain degree of egotism in the habits, and sometimes in the character. Wealth, and the tastes created by wealth, are the cause of it: the people are not disposed to submit to inconvenience in any thing; so great is their power of being comfortable in every thing. Family ties, so intimate as regards marriage, are far from intimate in other relations, because the entails on property render the eldest sons too independent of their parents, and separate also the interest of the younger brothers from those of the inheritor of the fortune. The entails necessary to the support of the peerage ought not, perhaps to be extended to other classes of proprietors: it is a remnant of the feudal system, of which one ought, if possible, to lessen the vexatious consequences. From this it happens likewise that most of the women are without portions, and that in a country where the institution of convents cannot exist, there are a number of young ladies, whom their mothers have a great desire to get married, and who may, with reason, be uneasy as to their prospects.

In no country of the world have reserve and taciturnity ever, I believe, been carried so far as in certain societies in England; and if one falls into such companies, it is easy to conceive how a disrelish of life may take possession of those who find themselves confined to them. But out of these frozen circles, what satisfaction of mind and heart may not be found in English society, when one is happily placed there. The favour or dislike of ministers and the court are absolutely of no account in the relations of life: and you would make an Englishman blush, were you to appear to think of the office which he holds, or of the influence he may possess. A sentiment of pride always makes him think that these circumstances neither add to nor deduct in the slightest degree from his personal merit. Political disappointments cannot have any influence on the pleasures enjoyed in fashionable society; the party of Opposition are as brilliant there as the Ministerialists; fortune, rank, intellect, talents, virtues, are shared among them; and never do either of the two think of drawing near to or keeping at a distance from a person by those calculations of ambition which have always prevailed in France.

Original Poetry.

AURELIA.

Written on her Birth-day.

She, by degrees, (what scarce to be believed,)
 A nobler form, and larger bulk received;
 And on the earth walks an unusual pace,
 With mortal strides, and an erected face;
 Her numerous legs, and former colour lost,
 The insect now a human shape may boast.

TATE'S OVID'S MET. BOOK 7.

Some five and twenty years ago,
 When things were much as they are now—
 That is to say, the sun as bright,
 The grass as green, the snow as white;
 Woman as partial to her glass—
 (But no reflections! let this pass!)
 One evening, late, I wander'd forth—
 The air was chill, the wind at north:
 'Twas Autumn—yes—I well remember,
 The day had usher'd in September:—
 The partridges had equal reason
 With me to recollect the season—
 But birds and beasts that saw that dawn
 Must all, long since, be dead and gone;
 (And would—indeed it's very true—
 I then had closed my sojourn too!)
 But this is neither here nor there—
 It chanced I went to take the air;
 And, (if you've patience to go on,)
 I'll tell you what I hit upon.

But stay! I should inform you, first,
 Of what, till now, I never durst:—
 One mother Shipton lived hard by,
 Who dealt in demonology:
 To her all languages were known
 Of animals—besides her own,
 And that spoke by the Wicked One;
 And she, (on promise, by the bye,
 Of twenty years strict secrecy)
 Before she bade the world adieu,
 Taught us the whole of what she knew.

Well—as I said—I sallied forth,
 The evening chill, the wind at north,
 When, coming near a hawthorn thicket,
 I overheard an angry cricket
 In high dispute; and, drawing nigh,
 Perceived 't was with a butterfly.
 Just then, exhausted, she had done;
 And thus the other's tongue begun:—

"All very true, I grant; but we
 Are not like those poor grubs you see:—
 "You sure forget! yet that can't be—
 "You've heard it fifty times from me;
 "And not a friend, of all we know,
 "But 's told you that the fact is so.
 "What made the Fairy fancy her,
 "And this immortal gift confer?
 "I can't conceive; but so it is,
 "And my Aurelia's is the bliss.
 "And you shall see,—but one more year,—
 "And lo! a Woman she'll appear.
 "Sneer on, and welcome! I've no doubt
 "That thus the promise will turn out;
 "And this, if you must know, is why
 "I'm so much bent on privacy."
 "Guard her a year," the Fairy said,
 "And then those insect wings she'll shed,
 "And Woman's form shall rise instead;
 "And, let her fate be what it will,
 "Beauty and Love shall follow still."
 "Pish!" chirp'd the cricket, "'pon my word!
 "This stuff beats all I ever heard!

"I did expect some sense from you!
 "But—ha-ha-ha!"—and off she flew.

This struck me as the oddest thing
 That e'er set wits to wondering:
 I laugh'd; but still resolved to see
 What the adventure's end would be;
 So made a spring and seized the pair,
 And took them home; and, once safe there,
 A paper cage was formed; but fright
 I thought had kill'd them both outright.
 But soon they saw no harm was meant,
 And fed, and talk'd, and seem'd content.
 And Autumn went, and Winter came,
 And Summer found them still the same.

Thus matters stood, when Autumn's reign
 Returned upon the world again:
 When—on that very day—September,
 The first—'twas eve too, I remember;
 The air the same, the sky all gloom,
 I, careless, entering my room,
 Behold! the cage upon the ground!
 And neither inmate to be found!
 I sought, and swore; but no avail:
 The servants told one, even tale;
 And nought remained but resignation
 To heal their master's irritation;
 He wisely yielded to his lot;—
 Time fled;—and all was soon forgot.

Years came and went, and other ties
 Had superseded butterflies,
 When business summon'd me from home,
 And led me to—(a'importe)—to roam:
 There, going to call upon a belle
 Of whom my host spoke passing well—
 (He praised her features—then her air,
 Then added 'she was wondrous fair')—
 No sooner had I made my bow,
 Then straight I felt—I can't tell how;
 Something within me seemed to say
 I'd seen the face before that day;
 And yet the look was so uncommon,
 It brought to mind no other woman.
 At length a female friend came in—
 "Aurelia!—Guilty of a sin,
 And there, caught in the very act,
 Standing convicted of the fact,
 I had n't felt half so confounded—
 Or (classically) 'so astounded!'
 'Twas my Aurelia! yes—that minute,
 The room—the cage, and her within it—
 My walk—the cricket—autumn weather—
 Came rushing on the mind together!
 Sure never, since the world's creation,
 Was seen so strange a transformation!
 I hardly could believe my eyes—
 (It even now belief defies:)
 But still a something in her mien,
 Tho' unlike any thing I'd seen.
 'T was beautiful, but yet so airy—
 So light—it seemed as if a fairy
 Were tripping on the ground along,
 And must be crush'd amid the throng
 Of Brobdinags, that, in amaze
 And admiration, press'd to gaze.
 Her cheek was of the peach-flower's hue;
 Her dark eye look'd you through and through;
 Her brow was iv'ry; through her hair
 Lilies and roses peep'd, as there
 They'd wander'd from some bower, to grace
 And add new beauty to her face,
 That smiled—

But what am I about?
 I wou'd n't wear your patience out!
 Some other time, I'll tell you how
 Aurelia grew to what she's now:—
 Meanwhile, may every good attend her!
 And every birth-day, blessing send her!

Y.